And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kiſſe.

A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue;
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes;
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt,
Whether thoſe pearles of praiſe be his or no.
So thrice faire Lady, ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee me Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſumme of ſomething; which to terme in groſſe,
Is an vnleſſon'd gyrle, vnſchool'd, vnpractiſed,
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne: happier then this,
She is not bred ſo dull, but ſhe can learne;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours, to be directed
As from her Lord, her Gouernor, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manſion, maſter of my ſeruants,
Queene ore my ſelfe; and euen now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſeruants, and this ſame my ſelfe

Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loſe, or giue away,
Let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.
Baſſ. Madame, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood ſpeakes to you in my veines,
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome Oration fairely ſpoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude.
Where euery ſomething being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, ſaue of ioy
Expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio* is dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue ſtood by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the ioy that you can wiſh:
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
And when your honours meane to ſolemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I do beſeech you
Euen at that time I may be married to.
Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you haue got me one,
My eies my Lord, can looke as ſwift as yours;
You ſaw the Miſtreſſe, I beheld the Maid;
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you,
Your fortune ſtood vpon the Casket there,
And ſo did mine too, as the matter fals:
For wooing heere vntill I ſwet againe,
And ſwearing till my very rooſe was dry,
With oathes of loue, at laſt, if promiſe laſt
I got a promiſe of this faire one here,